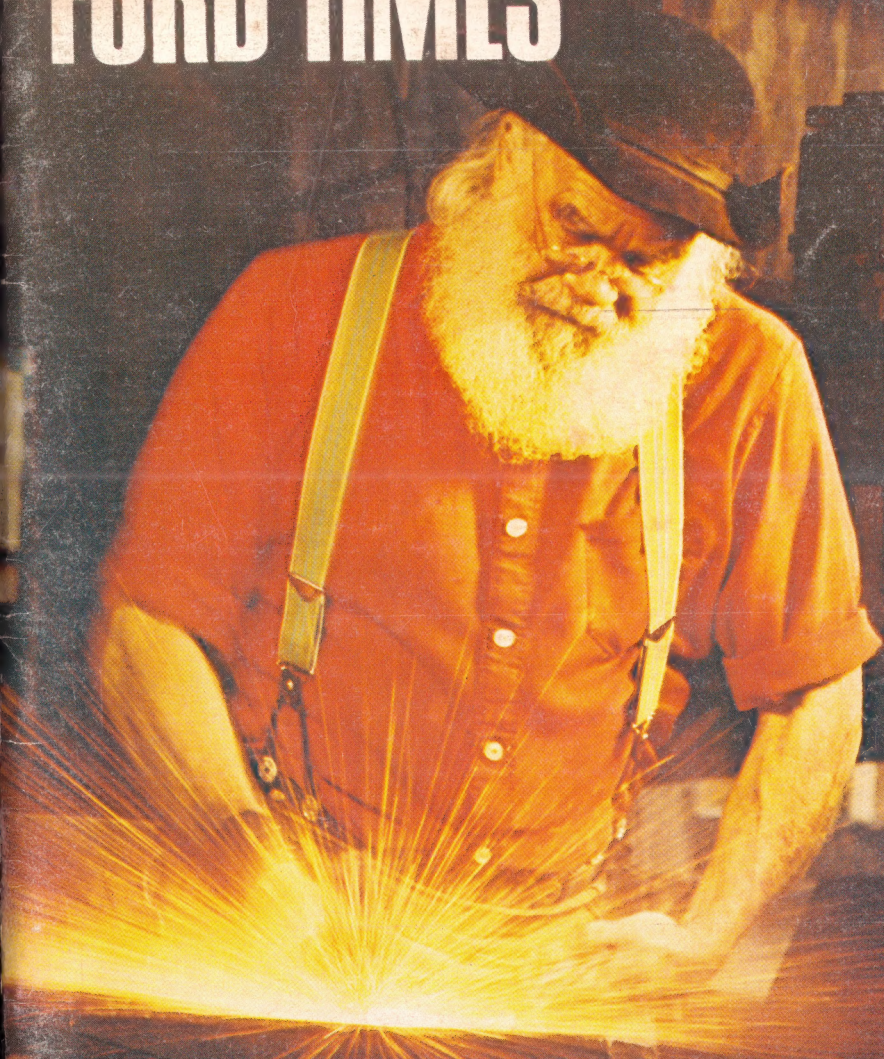


FORD TIMES

FEBRUARY 1978



Handcrafting Conestoga Wagons Today

"All work and no Mustang
sounds like a pretty dull life style."



Go Mustang

Lose yourself in the sporty spirit of the '78 Ford Mustang II ... base sticker-priced less than last year. Let this wide-open T-Rooftop Convertible take you away from an ordinary day. Or maybe you'd prefer the elegant Ghia or the 3-door Hatchback. And you can opt for a Rallye



Package, oversize tires, choose from 5 different kinds of wheels, 7 different interiors and 14 great exterior colors. So visit your Ford Dealer and go Mustang.

FORD

When America needs
a better idea
Ford puts it on wheels

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The Ford Owner's Magazine

FORD TIMES

February 1978, Vol. 71, No. 2

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Cover: Photograph of Shad Heller at work, courtesy of Silver Dollar City, Missouri, Chamber of Commerce. The story about the special "high wheeler" he's building begins on page 26.

by Mary Augusta Rodgers
photos by Leonard P. Johnson

NOT LONG AGO, this part of southwest Georgia was unknown outside the state. People from towns like Oglethorpe and Montezuma, traveling elsewhere in the country, were accustomed to answering one question: "How far is that from Atlanta?"

Now, of course, the question has changed. "How far," everyone wants to know, "is that from Plains?"

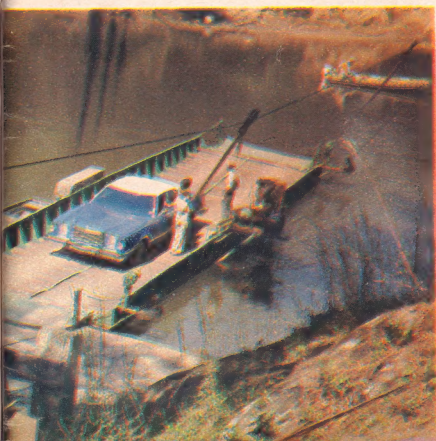
Places Near Plains

*Westville, Americus,
Marshallville and
other places near
Plains, Georgia*



Plains used to be a pleasant country village (population 870), with a business district one block long. Change came slowly, if at all. Then the old train depot, used as Jimmy Carter's campaign head-

Center: Plains railroad depot. Top left: Lumpkin's Bedingfield Inn. Top right: Windsor Hotel in Americus. Lower left: Ferry across Flint River. Lower right: Rumph mansion in Marshallville



quarters in 1976, became as familiar on the TV evening news as Big Ben in London and the Eiffel Tower in Paris.

Plains is the President's home town, and it's made a difference. Visitors arrive in a steady stream; less than 1,000 means a slow day. They can take one of several guided tours, see some historic sites—like Billy Carter's service station and Miss Lillian's rocking chair on the depot loading platform—snap pictures of other visitors milling around Main Street, buy a peanut-flavored ice cream cone.

There are other places to see, near Plains.

Westville—Out of the 1800s

To the west, 20 miles away, is Westville, a village that never really existed. This is a collection of original Georgia buildings of the early 1800s, all from the first settlements in the state, authentically restored and furnished and placed in a village setting among pines and spreading oaks.

You can wander at will through the houses and shops, have a glass of lemonade and a molasses cookie baked on an open hearth, talk to costumed ladies who will tell you about the history and furnishings.

Since one of the purposes of Westville is to "preserve the handicrafts and skills commonly practiced by the people of West Georgia in about 1850," a craft demon-

stration, according to the season, is always going on.

Westville is just outside the town of Lumpkin, which is worth a stop in the town square to see the handsomely restored Bedingfield Inn (1840).

Eight miles east of Plains is Americus, the largest town (population 18,000) in this rural area, with a main street dominated by the turreted old red brick Windsor Hotel and a nearby historic district of white frame Victorian houses. Reporters covering Presidential visits to Plains stay in Americus and you never know what celebrities you might see.

There's a string of shady little towns along State Highway 49, going northeast: Oglethorpe, Montezuma and Marshallville, all with their share of lovely Old South houses, flowers, lush greenery, graveyards and an air of drowsy nostalgia that suggests iced tea in cut-glass pitchers, porch swings and cardboard fans.

One of the most imposing houses in Marshallville was built by Samuel Rumph, who developed the Elberta peach that made Georgia's peach industry possible.

Marshallville's camellias

Someone in Montezuma described Marshallville as a town that "exists on camellias and cousins." The cousin influence is not evident to visitors but the camellias, in season, can hardly be missed. Memorial



Highway, a five-mile stretch of State Highway 49 going through town, is lined with masses of camellias in the spring and watermelon-red crepe myrtle in the early fall.

The National Camellia Society has its headquarters near here, along with greenhouses and a formal garden bordered with boxwood and old brick walks; camellias of astonishing size and variety bloom from November through March. (The Society's buildings are open Monday through Friday, 9 a.m. to 4 p.m., all year and from 2 to 5 p.m. on Sundays during the sea-



*Above: Montezuma home
Right: Westville craftsman*



Victorian home in Americus

son.) There's also a building with a large collection of Boehm porcelain birds.

Four miles west of Marshallville, a red clay road (State Highway 127) leads through deep woods to the last state-owned ferry in Georgia, which crosses the fast-flowing Flint River. The ferry is operated by Homer Cromer, a man who's been on the job nearly 50 years; he usually works under the watchful eyes of a few fishermen along the shore and hunting dogs lying panting in the shade.

The ferry is part of the Andersonville Trail, a 75-mile loop from Perry, Georgia, to Cordele, just off I-75, and a good guide to places of interest in the Middle Flint area. Cordele calls itself the "watermelon capital of the world," a claim likely to remind visitors to pick up a watermelon for a summertime picnic lunch.

This is farm country; the road winds past groves of peach and pecan trees, fields of cotton, corn, soybeans and peanuts, and pastures of grazing cows and even a beefalo or two, the crossbreed of cows and the American bison with which local farmers are experimenting. In spring, the peach and dogwood trees flower into clouds of pink and white blossoms; in summer, the air is heavy with the scent of honeysuckle covering fences and ditches along the road, as dense as jungle growth.

Andersonville of Civil War times

Then there's Andersonville, a haunted name that's come to mean the site of the largest Confederate prison during the Civil War and a national cemetery. A village now being restored is across the highway from the old place—known as Andersonville Station in the 1860s—which was never more than a church, a store, a cotton warehouse, a few houses and a loading platform beside the railroad tracks.

The conditions at Andersonville were bad from the beginning and grew rapidly worse. In August 1864, there were 33,000 men inside a stockade built for 10,000; the daily food ration was a handful of meal and uncooked salted meat; no shelter was provided, and a polluted stream served as the only water supply. Out of approximately 45,000 Union soldiers imprisoned here during a 13-month period, 12,912 died of

malnutrition, disease and exposure.

At the Visitors Center, a few exhibits and a short slide film of the history of Andersonville conclude that its horrors were because of many factors: shortages of food and supplies, the failure of the prisoner exchange system, the fact that prisons in the North were not much better. There are a few pitiful exhibits—knives and spoons carved from wood, a dying soldier's diary and faded daguerreotypes of youthful faces.

All that remains at the prison site are wells and escape routes dug by the prisoners and some evidence of the earthworks thrown up around the stockade. A small stone monument encloses "Providence Spring," a fresh-water spring that suddenly gushed forth, like an answer to prayer, during a period of suffocating heat.

A monument to Captain Henry Wirz, acting commandant of Andersonville prison, stands in the center of the village of Andersonville. After the war, Wirz was tried for conspiracy and "murder, in violation of the laws and customs of War." He was convicted, and hanged in Washington, D.C., the following November. To many in the North, he was a sadistic monster; to many in the South, he was a martyr who died to save his commanding officer. (He might have been pardoned if he had implicated Jefferson Davis in his testimony.) The monument was

completed, hidden away in a warehouse in Americus for four years and finally erected in 1904, when it set off a storm of controversy.

There are echoes of that storm in the monument's inscription:

IN MEMORY

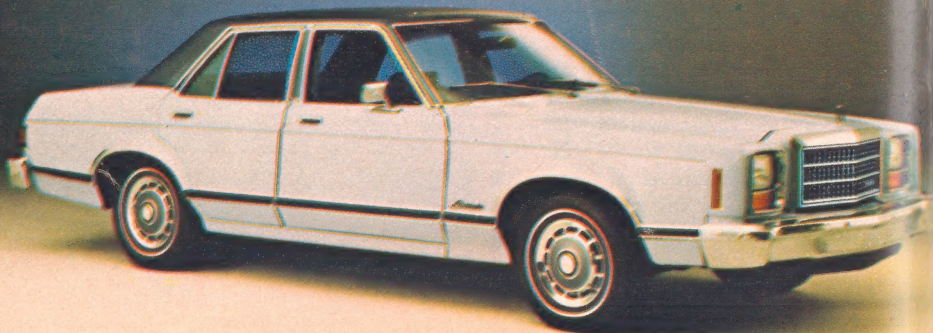
CAPTAIN HENRY WIRZ

*to rescue his name from the stigma
attributed to it by embittered
prejudice
this shaft erected by
the Georgia Division
United Daughters of the
Confederacy*

It's a simple shaft of granite which dominates the tiny village. An elderly man standing next to us was trying to explain the history of Andersonville, and the trial of Wirz to his wife, who obviously was not interested. Finally, his voice died away. He stared up at the inscription on the monument and murmured sadly to himself, "Well, shoot. A piece of stone ain't goin' to change what happened." □

Children exploring Westville





1978 Granada Special Value Edition combines good design and savings

Special Value Editions of Mustang II, Granada

Smart-Looking Cars at Bargain Prices

THE "1978 Special Value Edition Sale" on Mustang IIs and Granadas going on now at your Ford dealership means up to \$200 worth of sticker price reductions for customers.

When you select a Special Value Edition package of functional and appearance items, the sticker price is less than if you ordered the items individually.

Not only do you land a bargain, but you also drive out of the dealership with a smart-looking automobile loaded with options.

For example, Special Value Edition Mustang IIs—hardtops and 2+2s with 2.3- or 2.8-litre engines—feature many extras that can make driving more enjoyable.

In addition to sporty Tu-Tone paint treatment, your Special Value



1978 Mustang II Special Value Edition sports Tu-Tone paint

Edition Mustang II hardtop or 2+2 comes with AM/FM monaural radio, dual sport mirrors, wire wheel covers, dual paint stripes, deluxe seat belts, plus your choice of either vinyl or sporty cloth interior. The suggested retail price of this total package is discounted by \$175.

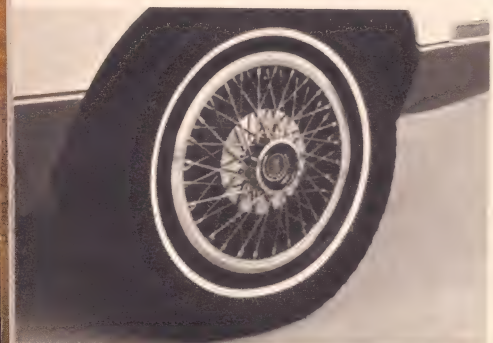
Two-door hardtop buyers who add a flip-up open-air roof to the package receive a total discount of \$200.

Of course, these Special Value Editions also come with the many already standard features found on all sprightly Mustang IIs. This year, suggested retail prices of all Mustang II models are lower than for 1977 models.

by Cara L. Kazanowski

Standard engineering and design items include electronic ignition, front disc brakes, rack-and-pinion steering, rear stabilizer bar and turn signal-mounted wiper/washer controls. The full instrumentation package includes tachometer, ammeter and fuel and temperature gauges.

All 1978 Mustang IIs have separate rear-seat cushions that replace the full-width seat cushions offered in past years. Furthermore, the car comes equipped with such features as cut-pile carpeting, simulated pecan woodgrain instrument cluster appliqué on two-door models and



brushed aluminum instrument cluster appliqué on three-door models.

Mustang II with the 2.3-litre engine and four-speed manual transmission received EPA fuel-economy estimates of 33 mpg in highway driving and 23 mpg in city traffic for the 49 states, and 30 mpg highway and 20 mpg city for California.*

Buyers of the mid-size Granada—who want classic styling and comfort for five adults—get more for their money if they select a Special Value Edition Granada.

The grouping of handsome, functional features, available on two- and four-door sedans with the 4.1-litre (250 CID) 1-V six-cylinder engine, is discounted \$200 compared to the sticker price of options purchased separately.

Your choice of any of Granada's 14 exterior colors with compatible interior colors is set off by color-keyed wheel covers, wide color-keyed bodyside moldings and Accent Stripes, choice of vinyl roof, white sidewall tires and dual bright remote control mirrors. Inside, there's an AM/FM monaural radio.

All Granadas—whether Special Value Editions or not—come with a whole host of standard features.

They are equipped with bright wide wheelip moldings, bright windshield and backlite moldings and stand-up hood ornament. The

Mustang II Special Value Edition includes the flip-up open-air roof for hardtops, Ashton cloth upholstery and wire wheel covers

interior has vinyl flight bench seat and door trim, cut-pile carpeting and woodtone instrument panel appliqués. Also standard are steel-belted radial tires and an inside hood release.

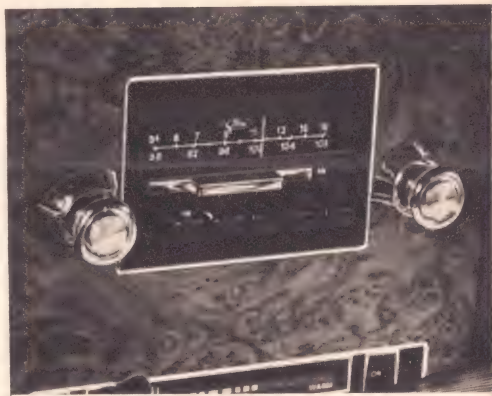
A bright grille flanked by rectangular headlamps gives the 1978 Granada a new, sportier look up-front, rear-end styling is altered with new wrap-around taillamps, and a bright center bar splits the opera window on two-door models to change the appearance of Granada's formal roofline.

Granada sedans equipped with the 4.1-litre engine and automatic transmission received EPA fuel-economy ratings of 26 mpg in highway driving and 18 mpg in city conditions for the 49 states while sedans rated 24 mpg highway and 16 mpg city for California.* □

**Your actual mileage will vary, depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and optional equipment.*

Ford Division reserves the right to discontinue or change specifications or designs at any time without notice or obligation. Some features shown or described are optional equipment items that are available at extra charge. Some options are required in combination with other options. Always consult your Ford dealer for the latest, most complete information on models, features, prices and availability.

Granada Special Value Edition features vinyl roof, AM/FM monaural radio, dual bright outside remote-control mirrors and more





Editor's note: Leading up to the observance of Ford Motor Company's 75th anniversary in June 1978, FORD TIMES is reprinting each month one story from among the finest we have published. "My Sap Runneth Over," by Franklin M. Reck, is the ninth in our series. It appeared in the issue of February 1951.



My Sap Runneth Over

by Franklin M. Reck

"Reports from Vermontville indicate that the Michigan sap run this spring will be the heaviest in years."

These words, coming by radio, were the spark that set off a fuse that exploded a weekend and tore up a mind.

I got up from the typewriter and walked out to the kitchen to listen. Claire paused in her dishwashing. On the window sill was a brace and bit, left there from some home carpentry job of the evening before.

I should have known better than to pick up that brace

and bit. Scattered through the front yard and pasture were eight Michigan maples. I bored a hole in the nearest tree, and had my first look at a liquid that was so innocuous as to be mysterious. It seemed imperative to catch some of the stuff, and since we were a one-pail establishment it was necessary to unearth some No. 10 cans my wife had been saving in the basement. Various disasters followed fast, and followed faster.

The cans had no handles. I went to the chicken house, found a snarl of baling wire, broke it into proper lengths by flexing, went to the kitchen, got an icepick and pair of pliers, punched holes in the rims of four cans and the balls of two fingers and attached handles. I found a bamboo fish pole, cut it into short pieces with a hacksaw, and made spigots.

With four spigots in place on the two trees nearest the house, I paused to listen to the song of the sap, playing its brass notes on the bottoms of the four cans. The song consisted of a series of minute clanks, as deliberate as footfalls in a mystery play.

Was this the way Vermont maple sugarers made their living—a drip at a time? It was clear that more drips were needed.

There were four more trees in the front yard and two in the pasture, all with large circumferences inviting holes.

Hours later, but the same day, the 20th can was hung. Returning to the house for a midafternoon lunch, I walked past the first tree, hoping to find the bottom of the can now covered. Instead, it was two-thirds full, and each drip sent up a geyser that threatened to leap over the rim.

This called for the marshaling of storage tanks, the first of which was the family five-gallon canner, and the second the washboiler used for potato storage.

The rest of the day and night became a confusion involving a dinner party, tours of the trees, relocating nonproducing holes, and withal, a sense of foreboding. Returning from the dinner

party at midnight, we tramped through the frozen slush on our third sap collection, dumped it into the washboiler and went to bed.

The March Sunday dawned. A Sunday without funny papers, bathrobe lounging or a second cup of coffee. In response to the inexorable demand of persistent sap plipping, Claire dug up in succession the baby's bathtub, the sauerkraut crock, a floor vase and, as a last resort, grandfather's brass umbrella stand. While neighbors came over to ask if we were going to hold an auction, Claire pointed out that it was time to begin boiling down. We were out of containers.

Beating Sarah (aged five) and Linda (aged 13) away from the comic supplements, I herded them outside into the raw wind and led them on a tour of the hilly seven acres, making them drag to the house piles of prunings from 60 peach trees. To the gay sound of popping vertebrae, I managed to wrestle the 10-gallon boiler full of sap to the outdoor fireplace, with only a little help from Claire, who merely sprained her ankle stumbling over brush.

The boiler had high sides and a narrow bottom, the fuel was half green, the firebox was small. In one hour by the watch, steam appeared on the surface. An hour later the surface had lowered an inch. Meanwhile, another collection of sap had overtaxed the containers and it was necessary to press the dishpan into service. By now it had become impossible for our household to wash dishes, have flowers, store umbrellas, wash the baby or cook any but the simplest meals. Our household effects had become matériel for war. The enterprise had become a running fight—a battle of sap against sap and may the best sap win.

Sunday dinner could not be postponed beyond 5:30. The soot-grimed family sat down silently, lips forming the unspoken question, "Oh, watchman, what of the night?"

The chain of circumstances continued to forge its relentless links. In the chill dark, after eight hours of continuous

stoking, the liquid in the boiler was down to within a few inches of the bottom and beginning to look amber and sweetish. The steam smelled like candy. It was *true*, then!

Claire transferred the last two gallons to the dish pan and put it on the electric stove, while Sarah and I toured the trees, poured sap into containers and dragged more firewood.

Hours later, Claire carefully strained the precious gold remnant into a quart jar. One lonesome, solitary, abject-looking quart jar! "Look," she said brightly, through fumes of sweet vapor that billowed through the kitchen, "Maple syrup! Our own!"

Twelve gallons of sap. One quart of syrup. Outside, into 20 cans, more sap tirelessly plinking away. A chest cold, sore back, seven calluses, little sleep, lost weekend and children with red eyes and damp noses. I drew my hand away from the wall where I had been leaning, and brought part of the steam-loosened wallpaper with it. Looking about, I saw that the paper bulged in numerous places. At that moment the 11 o'clock news blared out.

"There will be a heavy freeze tonight, followed by a clear sky and thaw tomorrow—ideal conditions for the heaviest sap run Michigan has had for years." □

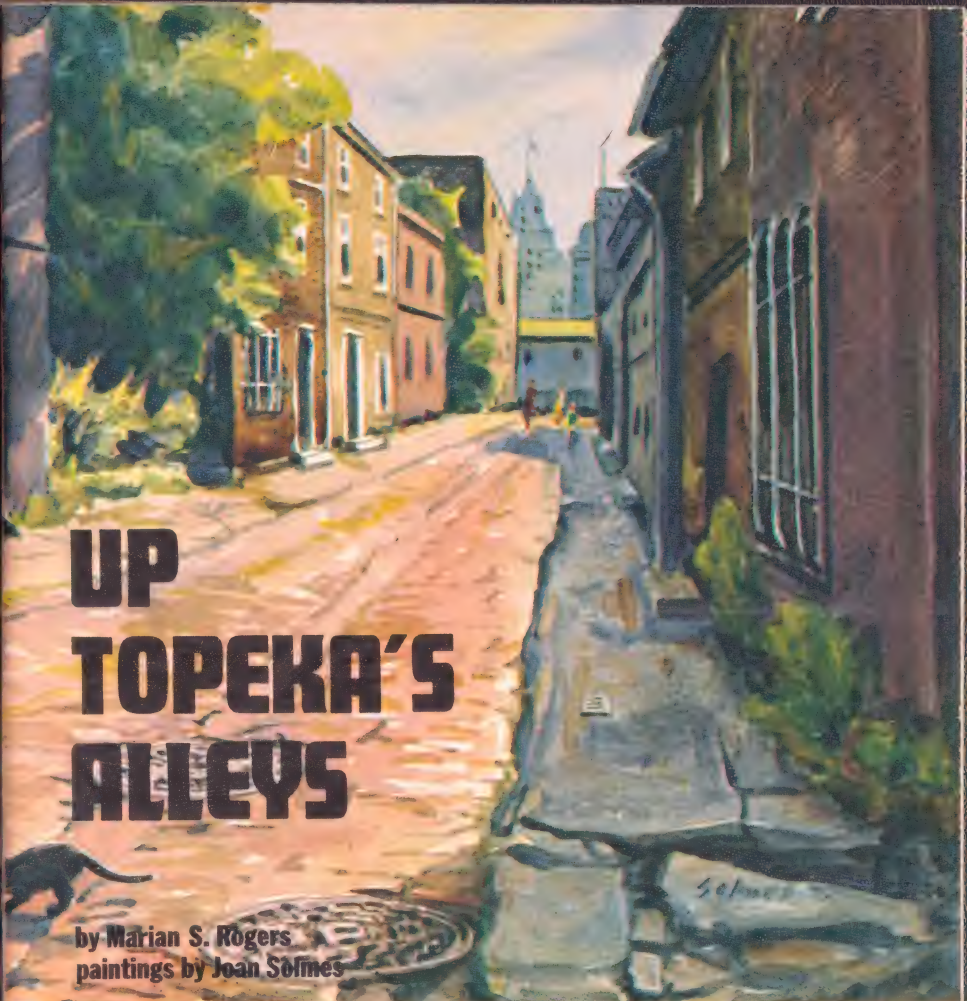




WHEN I began "collecting alleys" in Topeka, Kansas, 10 years ago, the first items I discovered were a rare wrought-iron spiral fire escape and a converted barn with holes for the disposal of cow chips,

circa 1890.

Today, my collector's items include a law office that turned out to be a memorabilia museum, the iron ghost of a gadget that spun an electric car around so the owner



UP TOPEKA'S ALLEYS

by Marian S. Rogers
paintings by Joan Solmes

**The alleys in this Midwestern city
not only intersect,
loop and angle,
but they also hold a score or more of treasures**



wouldn't have to back out, and a multitude of other treasures.

I've found them by scanning the backsides of Topeka's streets—the alleys that honeycomb the city for a 20-block radius that starts in central downtown. I've discovered that alleys are very “in” in Topeka even though they are an endangered species in other parts of America.

Not only do alleys thrive in Topeka, they intersect. You can scoot east, west, north or south through them, avoiding stoplights, traffic jams and humdrum driving.

Let's turn off Ninth between Polk and Tyler and stop at the old Victorian house. A hand opens the screen at the top window and out pop two cats for a rooftop stroll. I've seen them often, jousting with two fat pigeons. The birds fly within claw reach but the two orange-striped felines never filch a feather.

From alley cats to an alley lawyer was just a block south on the same alley. For months I'd driven by two connecting garages behind 919 Tyler, wondering what Hal Davis was doing practicing law in an alley.

One day I couldn't stand it any

longer and knocked. Mr. Davis, tall and white-haired, invited me in.

I expected he kept company with dusty lawbooks and was surprised to find it was with a horse from a circus carousel. That wasn't all. There were wall-to-wall license plates, guns, pinball machine, crank-type telephone, stereopticon viewer, cigar store Indian, totem pole and hundreds of other items worth a fortune.

The fortune for me was the friendship that sprang up between us. Hal had “sort of” retired, surrounding himself with his “junk,” as he called it.

Another prize was parked outside. It was a runabout, bought as surplus from the post office. It had a canopy and, Lord bless him, he promised me a ride in his mechanized surrey with the fringe on top.

But Hal, whose health was failing, died before he could give me that ride. His museum pieces were auctioned. All that remains is a love token in memory of his wife—a little sign in a patch of flowers that says, “Margie's Garden.”

Not every Topeka alley boasts a Mr. Davis. Sometimes they are quiet slip-throughs where I learn who has the best garden in central Topeka, where the most prestigious birdhouse is located or the location of the tree with the best growth of English ivy providing shelter for squirrels, birds and other critters.

These quiet alleys are cherished just as much as those with star

attractions! The faded sign of Green's Bakery and Meat Co. is one of the highlights of my alley album. Choice cuts and the best cream puffs in town could be bought there. And the cheese! Just the mention of it makes the noses of the older Topeka cheese fanciers homesick.

A special page in my album is devoted to the jogs and turns built in over the years when a building elbowed its way too far into the alley. The city fathers just picked up the bricks and moved them over. Say you're driving south in the alley behind Merchants National Bank. Suddenly you see a building up front acting as if it had squatter's rights. No problem. You jog west, south, east and south again and end up where you want to be—smack in the middle of Ninth Street.

Alleys do present many driving hazards—potholes, objects that can puncture tires, AWOL garbage cans—but that can't keep me from scrounging for alley appetizers.

Scrounging is how I found Tellis Dorsey, shoe repair artist and re-builder of cowboy boots. I was meandering along the west cross-arm of the alley between Topeka and Tyler and Ninth and Tenth Streets, and there was Tellis working away in his tiny shop.

I hadn't seen Tellis since I was a cub reporter for *The Tulsa World*. He had worked at a Tulsa shoe repair shop I patronized. If I hadn't





started alley-hopping I would never have seen him again.

One day, I discovered the remains of several treehouses along the alley from 100 to 400 Woodlawn. I always wanted a treehouse. Weathered and broken, filled with cobwebs and birds' nests and creaking in the high winds, these splintered fragments suddenly become magnificent dwellings to me, where I could have beaten off pirate attacks or watched for Daniel Boone to come striding along.

Daydreams come easy in alleys that are historical trails to the yesterdays of Topeka. In my search for alley heirlooms, I met Molly O'Brien Knowles and her iron turntable, the kind used to

rotate vehicles. The turntable, at least 10 feet in diameter, was behind her home in the 300 block of South Topeka. Molly's been dead since 1932, but on special days I turn the clock back to 1914 and travel with her:

Molly recharges the battery of the beautiful black electric car. Then, instead of backing out, she moves the turntable lever, the car swings 180 degrees and we're ready.

Moving soundlessly, we overtake a Ford LTD. The driver doesn't seem to see us.

The fresh flowers in their holders sweeten the air as we proceed regally down Kansas Avenue. Molly never travels the alleys. 'Twouldn't be ladylike.

Sometimes Molly lets me drive. I don't miss power steering and brakes, the radio tuned to WREN or seatbelts. Who cares? These are moments of enchantment that can end suddenly because I'm needed at my office.

We purr smoothly into the garage. Molly, a small woman dressed to the nines, waves goodbye. Don't know why she tolerates an alley-bum.

The turntable is rusted but still works. I hop on with one foot, push with the other and twirl happily. The turntable is my favorite alley antique.

Of course I am also fond of the old cisterns, the gasoline pump, the rotting rowboat and the graffiti, probably scrawled by grandparents of today's leading citizens. But, Molly's motorcar merry-go-round is my alley jewel.

A real alley buff stays off the streets. The other day I went to the bank drive-in, the service station and grocery store and was never on the streets except to cross to the next alley.

I've taken Topekans, including some born here 60 years ago, on alley tours, yet not one knew about the twisting fire escape or Cow Chip Crossroads. They have missed so much. The handcrafted fire escape is a graceful beauty. I can just picture a Ziegfeld Girl descending it in plumes and billowing skirts. Cow Chip Crossroads, built from native stone, probably will en-

dure forever and certainly has outlasted any of its bovine boarders.

When I show these two contrasts in alley architecture to the natives, all are captivated—and a bit chagrined that they weren't aware that Topeka's T-shaped alleys are perhaps one-of-a-kind in America.

How about you? What's going on in your alleys that redevelopment hasn't gobbled up? You might be surprised. I certainly was when I swung into my very own alley recently and saw a small man pulling what appeared to be an outhouse on wheels.

Seasoned alley collectors know when they've struck paydirt. "What's in that thing?" I asked.

"Empty beer cans, Miss," he replied, tipping his hat.

Long-gone courtesies come naturally to Russell Thompson, who daily trudges a five-mile alley route adding to his pension the earnings he gets from acting as middleman for the can-recycling industry.

Russell is a gentle man who found my alleymania as interesting as his beer can paddy wagon was to me. I told him if I were a discarded beer can I'd be proud to ride down the alley in his splendid vehicle.

"Oh no, Miss," he replied. "It wouldn't be proper."

Russell Thompson and Molly Knowles—so doggone proper! They don't know it but they're right up my alley... in Topeka, Kansas, that is. □

THE harried waitress pressed for our orders around the table oblivious to the breathtaking view of Puget Sound outside the window.

"And you?" She eyed me, pencil poised.

"The geoduck," I answered unthinkingly.

"Look, lady, this is a seafood restaurant."

I opened my mouth to explain but the bored expression and hovering pencil stopped me. "The king clam"

"That's better." The waitress, satisfied, scribbled her hieroglyphics, then scurried off happily unaware that I hadn't actually changed my order.

For the geoduck is the king of clams, the largest and least accessible clam in the Pacific Northwest. Until recently, no one would have dreamed of tampering with the Indian name by changing it to Washington king clam, nor had it ever reached a restaurant kitchen. No wonder the waitress was confused.

I'm not a native Washingtonian, but my first introduction to the geoduck (pronounced gooey-duck) came while kneeling, bottom up, on the wet sand, my arm and shoulder deep in a hole with the incoming tide threatening to flood me out. The sand edge caved in on my hands while I groped for I knew not what in the muck at the bottom of the hole. Now I knew why the red man called this clam *gwe-duc*,

Call It GEODUCK

story and photos
by Bette Hagman



...or the king of
clams, the largest and
least accessible clam
in the Pacific Northwest.

Also
VERY
GOOD EATING

which translates as "dig deep."

I pulled out of that hole clutching six pounds of clam with a wide fleshy breast protruding from its seemingly too-tight shell. The three feet of neck that I'd followed down the hole was accorded to six inches. We ate the thing that night . . . with a bit of trepidation on my part . . . but found the meat tender, rivaling the flavor of razor clam or abalone.

I didn't try to explain this to the waitress, nor to the others at the table who'd ordered more familiar fare.

My first round with a geoduck was over 20 years ago. At the time, it was dug only by local sportsmen on minus tides. Today, commercial harvesting of geoducks goes on seven days a week throughout the year in 30 lease tracts of Puget Sound, and the total catch may reach over six million pounds this year.

But no company could collect millions of geoducks by hand digging even if it could find experienced diggers. In fact, there is no commercial harvesting of the clam allowed within a quarter mile of the shore line. Instead, divers jump from boats anchored over leased state land with a high-pressure water hose to crawl across the bottom washing out the clams at a rate of two per minute.

This sounds deceptively simple; but *hookah* diving does have a few drawbacks, as one diver still garbed

in his loose foam dry suit wryly admitted.

"I can get used to the cold, fighting that bucking hose nozzle and even dragging around a sack of heavy clams under water. What really gets to me are the water skiers or some darned hot rodder buzzing us to see if he can get a rise."

Commercial geoduck harvesting started in 1970 when the first block of state lands was released for bid. In that year, less than half a million pounds was taken and the number didn't increase much in the next three years. Part of the problem was that no one except the initiated who lived on or near Puget Sound would eat geoduck. The name itself was enough to squelch the appetite. For this reason, many of the first investors in companies harvesting or processing the giant clams lost money and quit, defeated.

Only a few stuck out the lean years hawking their clams live from trucks by the roadside, canning them with fancy labels which fooled no one and trying to excite an unexcitable people to take a chance on the new shellfish product from their backyard. Most Washingtonians balked. They were content to stick with the salmon, halibut and the king crab. Today the Pacific Northwest remains one of the poorest markets for the clams.

Now it doesn't matter. More than six million pounds are still not nearly enough to supply the



seafood brokers clamoring to fill restaurant orders from California to New York or to meet the growing markets in Japan and Taiwan. In the United States, restaurants serve geoduck as king clam steak or fritters or without a name as clam strips; in Japan it's eaten 50 different ways . . . including raw.

The waitress returned and har-rumped me to attention. "I'm sorry. That clam you want is all gone."

Evidently Washington was beginning to recognize its gourmet dish.

I sighed and settled for another, more commonplace offering on the menu.

With the knowledge that over-harvesting, poaching and pollution could deplete the beds, environmentalists are keeping a wary eye on commercial fishing to prevent depletion of the geoduck. It was

three years after the first underwater tidal beds were surveyed that harvesting was authorized by the legislature. Strict rules have been laid down to protect the clam. Dredging, which would disturb underwater life, is forbidden. Presently, the tracts can only be leased for two years and then not be released for a minimum of eight years. No digging is permitted within one quarter mile of shore.

That still leaves an estimated 115 million geoducks in the harvestable 10- to 60-foot zone. Beyond a water depth of 60 feet the dangers of diving prevent this type of harvesting.

From studies conducted to date, the digging has not depleted the beds but has actually allowed the remaining clams to grow faster and to spawn more readily under

the favorable conditions found in Puget Sound.

The subtidal geoduck has few predators capable of displacing the 18 inches to two feet of underwater sand that shelters the beast. Sometimes dogfish sharks, rock cod or greenling nip off siphon tips protruding above the bottom. Large five- and 20-armed starfish also dig out and eat buried geoducks. Otherwise, most of the clams probably die of old age. Just what that age is the scientists do not agree, but the greatest growth is in the first three years.

The waitress arrived with our food, doling out the fish to the others first. Then she looked down at the plate remaining in her hand. "Cook had one order of that funny duck left." She sniffed as she plunked the plate before me. "Me, I don't think much of clams except for chowder."

A lot of people don't. Probably because they've never tried geoduck fried or scalloped. Most clams aren't versatile and most cooks not that adventurous. They steam little clams whole and grind all the others up for chowder. But with a geoduck, which can weigh from three to 10 pounds, you have a greater choice. The huge breast may be sliced like tenderloin steak, dipped in a light batter (Japanese tempura is my favorite) and fried quickly. The neck can be treated the same way . . . sliced, gently pounded, then fried. Or it can be

ground and served as fritters, or scalloped.

That's probably why the largest processing plant, which quick-freezes from salt water to finished product within 24 hours, boxes them for sale several ways. The necks are either minced or left whole and the breasts, whole or sliced.

If you are adventurous and want to try cooking geoduck yourself, call your nearest seafood broker or take a tour through a Japanese market.

Call it king clam or geoduck . . . it's great eating.

SCALLOPED CLAMS

To 1 cup ground clams add:
1 cup soft bread crumbs
2 tablespoons chopped onion
4 tablespoons chopped celery
½ teaspoon salt
2 beaten eggs

Stir in 2 cups milk. The mixture will seem very runny. Bake in greased casserole at 350° approximately 30 to 40 minutes (until a knife comes out clean). Serves 4-6. For a special treat, bake in clean clam shells (available in many specialty shops). Time: approximately 20 minutes.

TEMPURA BATTER

Make a batter of:
2 tablespoons flour
2 tablespoons cornstarch
2 tablespoons water

Add 2 well-beaten eggs. Dip clam slice in batter and fry both sides quickly on hot oiled skillet. □

CONESTOGA WAGON



Pioneering Freighter Reborn in Missouri



story and photos by Harris Edward Dark



This sturdy big wheeler, predecessor of today's over-the-road trucks, was one of the early triumphs of American designers

THE Conestoga wagon—that sturdy, high-wheeled freighter that plied barely existing roads in Colonial days—was one of the earliest triumphs of American designers.

It was the idea of an unidentified “Pennsylvania *Deutsch*” craftsman, or group of craftsmen, from the Conestoga Valley of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. It gained immediate popularity among the county’s immigrant farmers in the early 1700s.

Although these German-American immigrants brought to the New World the skills that made Germany the leading wagon-making country in Europe at that time, the Conestoga was not based on any European models. It was Pennsylvania-designed from the ground up.

And a curious design it was—the enormous wheels and wide, iron tires; the strong, oaken-sided, boat-like body, curved and with slanting front and tail gates; the distinctive and innovative cloth top supported by seven to 10 large bows, and the wonderfully shock-resistant and flexible construction throughout.

Thousands of Conestogas lasted 50 years and longer on the rocky and muddy roads of early America. They were the model, some scholars say, for the smaller and only slightly different “prairie schooner” of Wild West fame.

Today, the Conestoga is being manufactured again, in Missouri, the state that was the gateway for the wagon-riding pioneers who ex-

panded our nation to the west 150 years ago. In Silver Dollar City, Missouri, a theme park based on mining towns of the 1880s, a facsimile of the classic wagon has always been under construction for the past six years. The wagons are built for the entertainment and education of the many tourists who visit this Ozark attraction about 50 miles south of Springfield on Missouri Highway 76 in the southwestern corner of the state.

The master wagon builder at Silver Dollar City, Shad Heller, a 63-year-old wheelwright and blacksmith, supervises the building of Conestogas that are accurate to the last detail. The model he has chosen for reproduction is one of the largest: 20 feet long, 11 feet high at bowtop, 7 feet wide at the axles and with an empty weight of 3,500 pounds. It is capable of carrying a six-ton load over almost any terrain.

Heller, his fellow craftsmen and their apprentices use blueprints based on some of the dozens of Conestogas that still exist, some of them more than 150 years old. The Henry Ford Museum in Dearborn, Michigan, displays an excellent specimen—a big 10-bow, 19-foot-long Conestoga.

After scouring the Ozark forests for white oak trees, Heller has them felled, saws the timber and seasons the lumber. Then construction begins.

No nails, screws, nuts or bolts are used. To create the six-inch



curve in the bottom and sides of the wagon, the side rails and standards are mortised out and, once fitted together, are hand-riveted.

This type of construction was necessary in the old days to enable the Conestoga's box, or bed, to withstand the vibration and blows suffered on the tortuous trails. Flexibility was the goal of Conestoga builders, and they made a wagon that could twist, rock and turn just about any way.

The front and tailgates were angled outward, so that a shifting load tended to lock itself in corners. The upward-curving bottom held loads in place on steep grades.

The wheels, too, are marvels of engineering. Shoulder-high to a tall man, the rear wheels have 16 heavy spokes, iron-banded hubs or naves, and four-inch-wide iron tires for handling deep mud holes.

The original Conestoga builders usually painted the upper part of the wagon red and the lower part blue. Heller prefers to drench his finished wagons in boiling linseed oil, which penetrates all surfaces and keeps the fresh look of the bold grain.

Much ironwork goes on a Conestoga, and Heller, himself a native Pennsylvanian, fashions it with the same pride that inspired the Pennsylvania Deutsch. He embosses the hinges on the tool box and tailgate with original designs; this "signing" of the work is another carryover from the old days.



The most striking feature of the Conestoga, though, is the top, originally made of linen but now made of strong white canvas at



Silver Dollar City. The cover is supported by nine bows of steamed-and-bent white oak fitted into iron staples on the side standards.

Heller supervises the building of his yearly Conestoga during the May-through-October tourist season. It's a precise but leisurely task during which he and his apprentices stop many times a day to show tourists some of the fine points of the wagon builder's trade.

The finished product is either used at Silver Dollar City or sold for \$3,000 f.o.b. to customers that have included museums, automobile dealers, shopping centers and other theme parks.

Just as the prairie schooner is called the nation's first mobile home, the Conestoga can be thought of as the forerunner of our modern tractor trailers. Usually, not even the driver rode on this pure freight hauler—he either sat astride a wheelhorse to the left of the six oxen or dozen or so mules or horses yoked to the Conestoga,

or he walked alongside, cracking a huge whip near the ears of the lead animal.

By the late 1700s, 3,000 Conestogas were hauling farm produce to the cities and taking manufactured goods back to such "far western" frontier towns as Pittsburgh.

By 1822, when William Becknell, a Missourian who traded with the Comanches, opened the Santa Fe Trail by taking wagons from Arrow Rock, Missouri, to Santa Fe, New Mexico, Conestogas were being built in Pittsburgh and then sent down the Ohio River and up the Missouri and Mississippi for use by settlers.

For many years, the Conestoga was the only vehicle that could carry heavy loads on such difficult terrain, and it hauled tons of Mexican gold and silver back to Missouri in exchange for the goods it had delivered to the Southwest and West.

Deep ruts cut in flint-rock on the Santa Fe Trail by the wide iron tires of Conestogas and other wagons still can be seen from the air over Kansas. And near Arrow Rock, Missouri, ruts two feet deep in solid rock are a man-made memorial to our forefathers' enterprise and to the unknown designer of the Conestoga.

This mighty wagon has left evidence of its role in nation-building traffic that will last for millions of years.

□



GLOVE COMPARTMENT

IN WHICH YOU
FIND A LITTLE BIT
OF EVERYTHING
BUT GLOVES

Traveling With Children Made Easier—*Traveling With Children in the U.S.A.* focuses on family excursions emphasizing action; best places for swimming, skiing and other sports to let off steam after a museum visit; state festivals, and other low-cost family fun ideas. This \$4.95 book, written by Leila Hadley and published by William Morrow & Company, New York City, tells about such things as diamond hunting, witches and hauntings, alligator watching, dinosaur tracks and petrified forests.

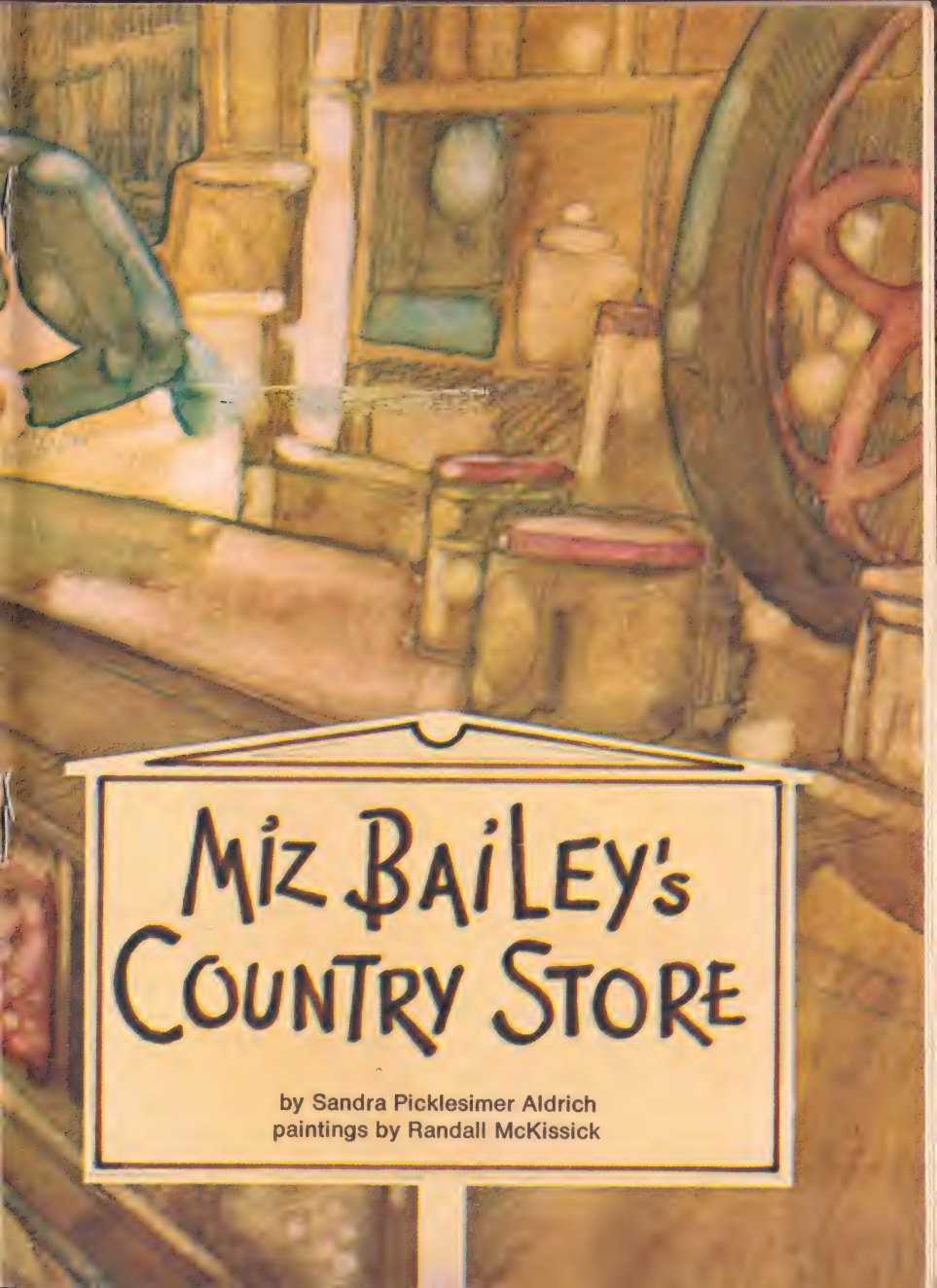
Learn About the Cherokees—"Tsa-La-Gi," the ancient name for Cherokee, also is the name of the Cherokee Cultural Center located in eastern Oklahoma, just three miles south of Tahlequah on State Highway 82 and one mile east on a well-marked road. The museum, which is open year-around, depicts the Cherokee history and culture. In the same vicinity are buildings of the former Cherokee Indian Nation.

Three Centuries of Dutch, English and American History—Three historic sites settled by the Dutch in the late 1600s lie within easy driving of one another and New York City on the east bank of the lower Hudson River, off U.S. 9 in Westchester County. They are Sunnyside in Tarrytown, the 19th century cottage estate of Washington Irving, America's first internationally recognized author; Philipsburg Manor in North Tarrytown, the 17th century country home and gristmill trading center of Frederick Philipse, New York's wealthiest merchant trader, and Van Cortlandt Manor in Croton-on-Hudson, the 18th century estate of Stephanus Van Cortlandt, New York City's first native-born mayor.

Book Listing Free Plant Tours—A 150-page book listing hundreds of free plant tours in all 50 states is available from Walter's Company, Rural Route 4, Waseca, Minnesota 56093 for \$3.95. Included are aircraft and missile bases, mines, automobile companies, steel mills, wineries and breweries, newspaper and television plants, sugar refineries and more.

Chicken Is the Only Required Ingredient—You might win the \$10,000 first prize in the National Chicken Cooking Contest. For information, write the Chicken Contest, Box 28158, Central Station, Washington, D.C. 20005. Contest deadline is April 1, 1978.





MIZ BAILEY'S COUNTRY STORE

by Sandra Picklesimer Aldrich
paintings by Randall McKissick

Her first solo trip to the local general store

I HAD JUST popped the last of the biscuit and blackberry jam into my mouth when my grandmother looked up from the pile of snap-beans in her lap. "I reckon you can go down to Miz Bailey's this mornin' and see if there's any mail, if you want to."

My mouth was still full, so I could only nod my excitement. Always before, my Aunt Adah took care of that activity, but on that long-ago morning she and my mother were busy canning beans. A trip to Miz Bailey's store was always a treat for me, but to be allowed to go alone meant that I had achieved a much-longed-for responsibility. My grandmother had anticipated my answer, and from her pocket she pulled a clean handkerchief into which she had knotted several coins.

"Now you take this and hang onto it tight. Ask for the mail and two pounds of white sugar. And I reckon you can git a soda pop afore comin' on home since it's so hot already. I swear this heat makes me plum' tard."

In my impatience, her instructions seemed extra long, but finally I was out the door and running across our yard and down to the dirt road. The early morning mist was still steaming out of the Kentucky mountains that hovered over

the road, and that same mist rode along the brown waters of the Cumberland River. This was my favorite time of the day, and normally I would have been tempted to enjoy it even more by skipping flat rocks on the river. But I knew that my grandmother would watch me from the kitchen window.

The river was easily forgotten, though, as our neighbor, Zefie, called out to me as she stood stirring the clothes in the wash kettle.

"Your grandmaw lettin' you go to Miz Bailey's all by yourself, huh? Well, you watch out fer copper-heads, Honey. Darvus killed a big one by the bridge yesterday. You tell Miz Bailey I said 'Howdy.'"

As I waved to her, I stepped into the middle of the road, away from the tall river grass, hoping that Zefie hadn't noticed. Zefie was only a little older than my mother but she had been Great-Grandpap's sixth wife and my grandmother's step-mother-in-law. (If that's confusing to you, just imagine what it did to our family.) I knew that she would watch me the rest of the way down the road.

Just past Zefie's house, on the other side of the road, was an enormous cluster of wild roses growing up the mountain side. I forgot about Zefie's watchful eyes as I stopped to pick a pale blossom. I



was smelling it when I heard Carl Fields behind me.

"Hey, child. Don't you know you're pickin' the flowers off an Injun's grave?"

I jumped and quickly looked down at my feet, fully expecting to see a headstone. Carl chuckled and caught up to me.

"Least ways, that's what I always heard tell — that wild roses grows wherever there's an Injun buried. I ain't never been curious enough to try to find out though. I recollect the time I was trappin' with Ash Webb and we came up to this old chief sittin' on a log"

At that point, he paused and it crossed my mind that he wanted to say, "Ain't that so, Eunie?"

Eunie was his wife and was sel-

dom heard to speak other than to agree with his outlandish stories. Her tired, "Yeh, Carl, that's so," was all he needed to continue.

On that particular Kentucky morning, though, I was spared hearing the story in its entirety because Eunie wasn't there.

I nodded to him and then turned to watch him shuffle toward Wallins. How was I to know then that the image of a lonely old man, surrounded by the overhanging greenery of the mountains, would stay with me long after the machines building the new highway tore away the wild roses and the protecting cliffs.

Just beyond the next bend was Polly Colwell's. Soon I could see her sitting on her porch, chair tipped back and her calloused feet propped up on the railing. Just before her sagging cabin was the much-used spring that flowed out of the shale cliff and just beyond was Miz Bailey's store. Thus, from her porch Polly could watch the business of the entire community; she found that more interesting than shaking her rugs or pulling weeds out of her tiny garden.

But, despite joshing about her reputation for nosiness, Polly refused to give up her ringside seat on our little world. If there was an occurrence of particular interest, she would call back into the house, "Hey, John Tom. Looky here!" John Tom was a Depression hobo who had stopped by for a hand-out

17 years ago and just never left. Even though he rarely bothered to come to the porch to investigate her findings, she continued to include him in all conversations.

"My ain't she growed, John Tom! Look at this child; she's lookin' more and more like her daddy ever' day!"

Years later, I would return to stare at the empty porch, wanting very much to hear again a hoarse screech of "My ain't she growed!" But on that morning, Polly was just an annoyance.

"Have ya'll heard from your daddy lately? I declare he's as smart as a tree-fulla owls to get outa this county while he can. What with the mines closin', there shore ain't no work 'round here. He'll have youins livin' in high cotton in no time at all, once ya'll git up North."

Neither one of us could know that the move to the North would not bring instant prosperity, but instead, the all-important "better chance." Unfortunately, with that opportunity would come discrimination, heartache and a feeling of not belonging. But we were untouched by those problems then, and I waved to her as she continued to send greetings to all in my family.

I turned one more time to wave at her, and then opened the screen door that had the Bunny Bread trade name across its middle. The cowbell hanging on the door announced my entry, and Miz

Bailey's voice came from her kitchen beyond the faded curtain that divided the store from her two-room home. "Be out in jest a minute. Go ahead and look aroun'."

To the right of the pot-bellied stove were the mail boxes with their simple, one-digit combination locks. In those boxes lay the "secrets" of the community. Miz Bailey knew how long it had been between letters from sons and daughters in Cincinnati or Detroit, and was saddened by the empty mail box almost as much as the mother who had walked down from some "holler" cabin.

Next to the mail boxes was the candy case where pounds of lico-rice babies, chocolate drops, peppermints, and jelly beans made having only one "spendin' penny" an agony. First we had to examine the contents of each compartment, our faces and hands pressed close to the glass. Then we narrowed down to two kinds before making our choice and solemnly announcing, "I believe I'll have. . ."

Beyond the candy case were the refrigerated rolls of bologna and pickle loaf, as well as the great round of Cheddar cheese under the glass cover on the counter top. Once I saw the two little Munsey boys wander into the store just after Miz Bailey had cut half-a-pound for Minnie Bingham. The oldest boy, Tate, was an imp, and he sauntered over to the still-



uncovered cheese.

He proceeded to "even up" the round by cutting healthy slabs for his ragged little brother and himself and then meandered out the door. When the astounded Minnie commented on their "open stealin'," Miz Bailey chuckled: "Ah, they're just hungry little boys. I'd druther they be eatin' that cheese than feelin' their little bellies hurt."

On the shelves above the counter were the canned goods, cloth bags of flour and sugar, tins of lard, and other items that would tide families over until they could get to Harlan. But the most-used item in the store was the big red R-C Cola pop chest. It was always filled with ice water, floating chunks of ice, and a good supply of R-C Cola, strawberry soda, orange soda,

Dr. Pepper and Nu-Grape.

Miz Bailey kept a wooden box in front of the pop chest for children to use as a stool, since she knew how important it was for us to choose our own bottle. The game was to choose a flavor before the chest was opened, and then try to find it. If it was on the bottom and the very last one of that flavor, it tasted all the better.

Years later, I would watch my little boy drop coins into a pop machine, see him struggle with the pull-tab and feel a pang of regret that he would never know the magic of Miz Bailey's pop chest. But on that morning, I stood before it, not sure whether I wanted Dr. Pepper or Nu-Grape, when Miz Bailey appeared.

"Well, ya'll by yourself this mornin'? I got a letter for your mother from your daddy. Reckon he got a job up there in Michigan yet? He probably did 'cause he sure ain't one just to stand around and watch the crows fly. I sure am goin' to miss you folks a right smart, but I reckon ya'll be comin' back to visit now and ag'in. . . ."

And so she chatted on; I listened, happy to be talked to just like any other customer. I couldn't know then what a treasury of memories my childhood mind was collecting for my adult heart—memories of the peacefulness of the winding road, the warmth and love of the people, and most of all, the magic of Miz Bailey's store. □

Angels of Mount Vernon

by Frank Tinker

illustrations by Richard A. Young



An inspired group of women
have rescued, restored and now run
George Washington's home

VISITORS arriving at Mount Vernon, Washington's ancestral home overlooking the Potomac in Virginia, often assume from its beauty that its restoration must have been done by an agency of government. Not so.

The vexing, laborious job of securing this historic American mansion for the nation and returning it to the condition in which the revered patrician enjoyed it has been done by a truly inspired group of women, the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association of the Union.

The group's work can be appreciated only by visualizing the mansion's deplorable condition in the 1850s. After General Washington's death in 1799 and that of his wife Martha in 1802, the home passed first to a nephew, Bushrod, then to that gentleman's nephew, John Augustine Washington, and then to the latter's son of the same name.

Unfortunately, the farm's income was no longer sufficient to pay for proper upkeep. The main house and outbuildings sank into disrepair. Although ships on the Potomac still dipped their flags or tolled bells in homage, the grounds were unkempt, the old wharf was rotting and a roof was propped with nondescript timbers.

Nobody seemed to care, least of all the United States Congress and the State of Virginia. Both Federal and state governments had declined to acquire Mount Vernon.

But in 1853, a Southern lady on one of the passing river ships wrote a letter describing the situation to her invalid daughter in South Carolina. That daughter, Ann Pamela Cunningham, was well into her thirties and bedridden from youth as a result of being thrown from her horse. Scarcely able to write, frequently resorting to an opiate to relieve her constant pain, Ann Cunningham nevertheless took on the restoration of Washington's home and its gift to the nation as a sacred, consuming assignment, one that would both fulfill and devour the rest of her life.

She began by writing to Southern women, mainly through the editorial pages of newspapers, asking for their support. As her idea took hold, Mount Vernon associations were organized in many places. Strangely reluctant to sell the moldering old home, John Washington was asking the then princely sum of \$200,000, rather hoping that these disconcertingly eager ladies would not buy it. He also required that the ladies be chartered as a nonprofit organization by the Virginia General Assembly prior to the sale; the charter was granted in 1858.

As the bake sales and amateur theatricals prospered and influential persons came to the women's aid, however, their money soon almost sufficed. One remarkable senator, governor, judge, lecturer and writer, Edward Everett, raised almost a

quarter of the amount himself with 129 orations on Mount Vernon. The curious father-daughter relationship which consequently sprang up between him and Ann Cunningham lasted until their deaths.

But then came the Civil War. Most of the purchase price had been paid by the time of Fort Sumter and John Washington had moved out, taking everything but

the key to the Bastille which Lafayette had given Washington, the Houdan bust of the president and a world globe from the library. Most of the fine furnishings had long since been dispersed by the heirs.

During the War Between the States, when Ann Cunningham was confined to her own failing plantation in South Carolina, Mount Vernon was occupied, and possibly



saved, by one of the many remarkable women who have come forward at critical times in the mansion's history. Sarah Tracy, the association's first secretary, moved into Mount Vernon shortly before the rumble of Bull Run's guns swept over the dilapidated grounds. Sandwiched between the North and the South, she and the gentleman caretaker, Upton Herbert, held the place together through the war.

Immediately following Appomattox, the restoration of Mount Vernon began in earnest. Because John Washington had been killed early in the war, the last of the purchase price was paid to his heirs. Since piazza props and other structural timbers had been replaced before the war, a massive effort was begun to reassemble the original furnishings. With Ann Cunningham as their first regent and with but five



members present, the association held its first meeting in 1866.

Although Miss Cunningham died in 1875, her zeal for restoring Mount Vernon to its exact earlier state has been shared by the association ladies ever since. Much the same is true of the outstanding superintendents; Only four have served from 1866 to 1976.

The many outbuildings, which constituted the self-sufficient settlement of early estates like Mt. Vernon, were also in sad repair. The greenhouse had burned in the 1830s. Through General Washington's correspondence with his cousin-overseer, Lund, at the time of the original construction, this was rebuilt as a precise duplicate on the old foundations. The colonnades connecting the mansion to the outbuildings 'had blown down; these, too, were rebuilt, using drawings of the house in its heyday.

Another prime goal of the ladies' association has been to recover the furnishings and memorabilia of Mount Vernon. Some priceless furniture pieces were hunted down and acquired. Washington's books, with his nameplate stamped inside, have been largely reassembled in the library. The appraiser's inventory of Mount Vernon after Washington's death was a valuable guide.

Donations of mementos, some genuine and some spurious, arrived in such volume that it was finally necessary to rule that nothing could

be accepted which was not known to have been used by the Washington family in Mount Vernon. This, of course, did not exclude such gifts as the nickel-plated fire engine which a shocked Henry Ford gave to the ladies in 1923 after seeing the outdated fire-fighting facilities.

Gradually, too, by gifts and purchases, the original 200 acres of the association's acquisition has been increased to nearly 500 acres to preserve the original aura of Mount Vernon and to avoid commercialization.

The Mount Vernon Ladies' Association remains much the same as in 1866. One vice-regent is elected from each participating state, and all but a handful of western states have been represented at some time or another. Today there are about 30 vice-regents in office for life. At least once a year these ladies gather at Mount Vernon to reaffirm their solemn responsibilities, hear Miss Cunningham's farewell address and negotiate the business of running one of our nation's most historic homes.

Mount Vernon's only regular income comes from gate admissions, which have risen from a pitiful half-dozen a month during the Civil War to about a million a year today. Considering the admirable state of Washington's home and the pleasure these guests receive from the visit, it is certain that the benevolent, but stern, patriarch of our nation would be pleased. □



George, The Great BLUE HERON

by Wyatt Blassingame

paintings by
Eric Von Schmidt

A big bird with personality-plus

I FIRST MET George while sitting on a friend's porch facing a nearby canal.

"Why, here's George," Pearl said, and I looked up to see a great blue heron staring at me from the other side of the screening, not four feet away. He stood well over three feet tall. The blue-black crest on his head was partly raised. His eyes were golden circles with jet centers. He looked at me straight down a nose that would have put Cyrano de Bergerac to shame.

Raising one foot, George began, very gently, to scratch at the screening which separated us. His foot and claws easily could have ripped it.

"No," Pearl said. "No!"

George pointed his great yellow bill at her. The jet pupils of his eyes seemed to grow slightly oval. Once more he raised his foot and tapped at the screen.

"All right," Pearl said. "I'll get you a chicken neck." She stood up and went into the house.

Half galloping, half stumbling in haste, George raced around the corner of the porch to stand in

front of the door. He raised his head in order to see inside, his neck growing longer and longer. Most bird books give the length of the great blue as from 38 to 42 inches. I have never actually measured George, but when he stretches himself to his full height, he looks every bit of five feet to me.

Pearl came back with a chicken neck. "Everybody up and down the canal buys these for him," she explained. "The store can't keep up with demand." She put the chicken neck on a porch table and opened the door.

By this time, George had obviously eaten many chicken necks. He knew—or should have—that it was not going to try to escape. No matter. He stalked it as if it were the last wary minnow in a large pond. His neck stretched out in a long S curve, the bill pointed at the food. He raised one foot, very slowly. As he did, all his toes pulled together. As the foot eased forward and down, the toes once more spread wide.

Two feet from the chicken neck he stopped. Several times his head moved slightly forward and back again. Then he struck.

He didn't just pick up the chicken neck—he whammed it, and jumped back. Next he "killed" it by clapping his bill on it a number of times. (Later I would see him do this with live fish; he sometimes beat large fish on the ground.) Confident the chicken neck was



dead, George used his bill and tongue to turn it so that he held it by the end rather than the middle, then swallowed. In his long, skinny throat the shape of the chicken neck was visible. George raised his head, stretched his neck, bent it into various shapes—and the chicken neck went down.

George looked at Pearl out of those round, golden, expressionless eyes. "No more," Pearl said.

With great dignity, George walked out the door. He went around the corner and took up his position near the screen. "Ignore him," Pearl said. "He'll go away."

After awhile he did and flew across the canal for another handout.

This happened on the west coast of Florida where the great blue heron is more common than in

most other places. However, in summer, great blues are found in all the 48 contiguous states as well as in parts of Canada. Except for the comparatively rare great white heron, it is the largest of North American wading birds. In fact, some ornithologists believe that the great white, found only at the southern tip of Florida, is actually a subspecies of the great blue, since the two can mate and produce fertile young. However, most authorities call them separate species.

John James Audubon described the great blue as "Extremely shy . . . ever on the watch, its sight is acute as that of the falcon and its hearing as keen also . . . so wary that it takes wing at the sight of man a half mile away."

That was in 1832. Since then the great blue obviously has learned

that man can sometimes be put to use. In Florida, wherever a beach or bridge is populated with fishermen, there is usually a great blue heron. It waits as motionless as a statue, and its sight and hearing are every bit as keen as Audubon described. As soon as a fishing rod bends, the great blue moves to take up a position nearby. If the fish is a nonedible variety it is usually given to the heron. But the great blue is by no means above stealing any fish left untended.

Normally, there is only one great blue heron to a beach or bridge. If there are two, they are a long way apart. Except during its mating season, the great blue is a solitary bird, with a territory of its own. George's personal territory includes both sides of the canal on which my friend lives. He does not mind sparrows, towhees and such small birds. If they come near, he simply stabs and eats them. But he will not tolerate the larger birds, such as seagulls, green herons and egrets.

Once when feeding George some pinfish I'd trapped, an American egret decided to get in on the feast. George let out a roar of anger. He rushed at the egret, wings spread, neck outstretched. The egret, at least six inches shorter and several pounds lighter, fled.

Although many of the human beings along the periphery of George's personal territory have observed him carefully for two years, no one is sure of his—or her

—sex. This past spring there was a period of about two weeks in which he appeared only briefly each day, then vanished again. Several times he was observed flying past with large twigs in his bill. Everyone waited anxiously for George to appear with a family.

What happened, I don't know. Within three weeks, George was back to his old ways, stalking the canal bank and neighboring yards all day and a good part of the night. No other great blue, male or female, young or old, showed up.

The actual courting of great blues was observed by Audubon in the Everglades. "About sunrise," he wrote, "a number alight on either a broad sandbar or savannah. . . . I have seen hundreds collect in this way in a morning, in their full beauty, without young ones among them. The males walk about . . . bidding defiance to their rivals. The females croak encouragement. Adversary meets adversary with little attention to politeness, as bills open and wings spread before the rush of the foes. One would think that one well-given blow would inflict death, but the blows are parried with as much art as an expert swordsman would employ. . . . Finally the males and females leave in pairs, mated for the season, or so I believe."

This ability of the great blue to use its bill like a sword seems to be instinctive. While working on his doctorate at the University of



Wisconsin, Dr. George Schaller, now resident biologist at the New York Zoological Society, hatched two great blue heron eggs in separate incubators. Although the eggs were taken from the same nest, the two hatchlings never saw one another until they were eight days old. Placed together they both reared upright, or as upright as possible, facing one another. Since neither was yet able to stand, they knelt, and since the heron's knees bend forward instead of backward, they knelt with their feet between them. For a few moments, they squawked curses at one another, then they clashed, using their bills like both rapiers and broadswords.

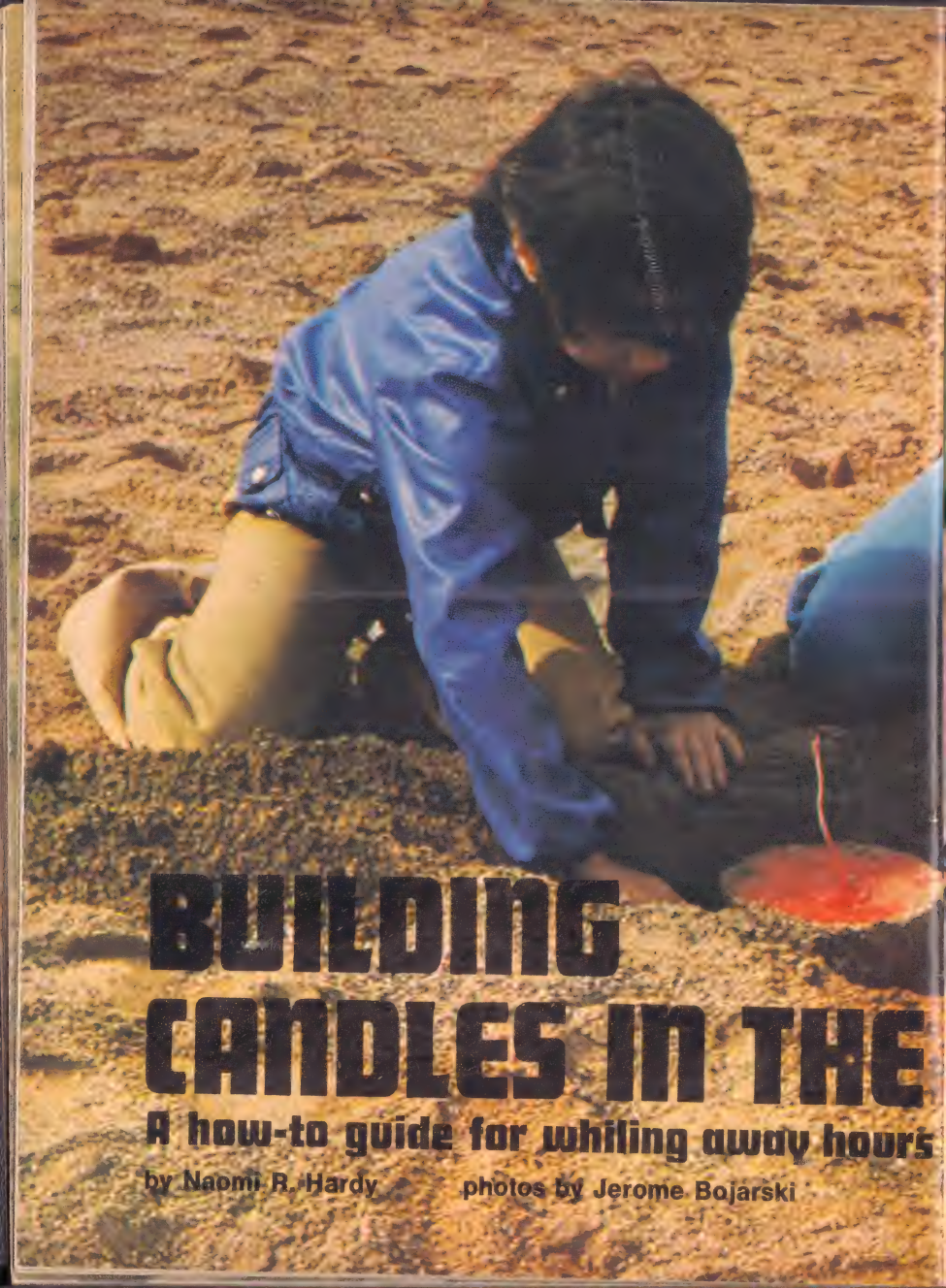
Schaller quickly parted them, naming the victor "Siegfried" because of his swordsmanship.

Siegfried, who firmly believed Schaller to be his mother, showed affection for him. But he met the advances of any other animal, human or not, by stabbing, preferably at the eyes. One man, trying to aid an injured great blue, was stabbed in the head with such power that part of the bird's bill had to be removed by force from the man's skull.

Once I gave George some pinfish in a heavy plastic bucket and he stabbed a hole completely through the bucket. As a result, I have never tried to feed him by hand.

But George is a pure delight to watch. While he is beautiful and graceful in the air, on land he can be not only awkward but also wonderfully comic. He can do everything with his neck except tie it in a bowknot. He preens himself for long periods, fluffing his feathers until he looks three times his natural size. In hot weather, he droops his wings, opens his tremendous bill and pants like a dog. Quite often he rests on his knees, looking as if he had suddenly stepped into a hole. Once, coming on a ceramic frog for the first time, George stalked and stabbed it. He jumped back, staring at the thing in amazement. And then—I'll swear to it—he turned his head in embarrassment.

At least I like to think he did. □



BUILDING CANDLES IN THE

A how-to guide for whiling away hours

by Naomi R. Hardy

photos by Jerome Bojarski



SAND
on the beach





BEACHES are perfect for lots of activities — sunbathing, swimming, picnicking, playing volleyball and touch football, collecting shells and driftwood, building sand castles. However, after hours of one or more of these activities, temperaments and even the sunshine begin to pall, all in the quest of something else to do.

My family and I have found making sand candles is our answer to whiling away hours at the seashore or lakeshore. Not only are these rough-textured candles fun and inexpensive to create, but they also make excellent gifts.

When you start out on your first sand candle-making expedition, you'll need a boxful of supplies, including a coffee (or larger) can, big spoon, potholders, knife, hand



shovels or ice scoops, vegetable, fruit or juice cans for making sand molds, household paraffin, wicking, wax crayons and liquid scent if you want to make the candles fragrant. Because it's much easier to melt the paraffin on top of a grill, bring a camp stove, hibachi or grill instead of making a fire on the sand.

If you can't purchase prepared wicking, make your own by dipping cotton cord in a mixture of two tablespoons Borax, one tablespoon salt and one cup water for 24 hours before heading for the beach.

We've discovered that the details of the candles turn out better if you select a beach with fine, moist sand. Plan to reach the beach during a high tide in order to get the grill or hibachi hot or build a fire before the water recedes and the sand dries. If there are no major tides in your locale, pour water on the sand to obtain the desired wetness.

After arriving at your selected site, appoint someone to start the fire and someone else to cut up two cakes of paraffin in the large can and place it over the fire. Don't let the wax get in contact with the fire, or huge flames will flare up. Gently stir the paraffin with the large spoon to increase melting.

If you want to color the wax, use one crayon with two cakes of paraffin. Place the broken crayon (paper removed) in the can of melted wax and thoroughly blend



it with the paraffin. Because raising the temperature of the wax increases the amount of sand which adheres to the wax, leave the liquid wax on the fire for a short period after mixing the melted wax and the crayon. The length of time depends on the fire's intensity and the amount of sand you want on the outside of your candles.

When the paraffin is almost melted, each person should construct his or her own mold in the wet sand.

Although your own designs are fun-to-make, you might like to try a three-legged mold. With an ice cream scoop or hand shovel, dig out the sand for the bowl of the candle. To make the legs, thrust the handle of a wooden spoon or a dowel the desired length of the legs three times into the sand at the bottom of the bowl.

Another interesting mold is made with a square block pushed into the sand. After removing the block, push the tip of a dowel or a wooden spoon handle into each corner at the bottom of the mold no more than an additional one-half inch into the sand.

After the molds are made, cut a short piece of wicking and wrap one end around a small stick. Place the stick over a mold and drop the other end of the wick to the bottom of the hole. Place a wick in each mold. If your candle is tall, you will want to weight the cord to keep the wick straight.

Before the sand has a chance to dry, carefully pour the hot paraffin into the mold. The water in the sand will sizzle when it comes in contact with the hot wax. When the wax is in the mold, place a sign near it so that no one will kick sand or step on the candles during the two or more hours it takes the candles to cool.

The two-hour period will give your family time for some other favorite beach activities.

When you are ready to leave, carefully raise the cooled candles from the sand and place them in the box. Remember to gather up all your materials, leaving the beach clean.

About 24 hours later, brush the excess sand from the candles with an old toothbrush. You may make an attractive sand-and-colored-wax striped candle by stripping off part of the sand so that the colored wax shows.

Attaching some felt to the bottoms of the candles will help make them safe for furniture. Also, be careful not to leave the candles burning unattended.

Your candles in their own cement-like containers will be reminders for everyone who helped make them of the fun which can be had on those short—or long—trips away from home.

Best of all, during those lengthy winter evenings, your "summer fun" candles will glow for you and your family and friends. □

The Day I Went Head Over Heels in Banana Peels

by *Mary Fitzpatrick Parker*
illustrations by *Robert Boston*

I CAN GET in the darndest messes. A friend used to say her neighbor went at things as if she were killing snakes. That's about how I got into organic gardening a few years ago.

In the first place, I didn't have time one morning to finish reading a newspaper article about the nutritive value of banana peels. I read only the part about their high potassium content and that when chopped up and blended with water, they would, within 72 hours, break down into fine fertilizer for geraniums. Great, I thought, mine can use help. That was when I glanced at the clock. I dropped the paper, said goodbye to the dog and cat, hurried to my job, put on my nurse's cap and got busy. My office was a small glassed-in cubicle in the corner of our large company cafeteria.

After lunch, I walked past a 90-foot conveyor belt that carries trays of soiled dishes to the dishwasher. The belt was stopped while the kitchen crew had lunch.



I glanced at the belt and noted that nearly every tray had a banana peel on it. Never one to pass up a windfall, I got a large plastic garbage bag and down the whole conveyor belt I went like a giddy Mary Poppins, popping hundreds of the golden yellow peels into the bag.

I lugged the heavy thing to my office, put a rubber band around the top and pushed it out-of-sight. Forty minutes later, I heard a soft voice say, "Nurse, I got a present for you."

Joe, our young, hard-working dishwasher, stood just outside the door with a huge smile. He was



dragging something.

I pushed my chair back and saw through the open door another huge bag with lumps and bumps on its sides. Without any questions, Joey was paying for the liniment I'd rubbed on his aching forearms and the aspirin and cold tablets I'd given him over the years. His gift was more banana peels.

Once home, I tugged and lugged them out of my small car, up the walk and through the side door. My husband was on an overnight business trip so I knew I would have a quiet evening to work on them.

With the supper dishes done, I gathered up all the empty coffee cans and jars I'd saved for a long time (I don't throw much away), got the blender, and for nearly three hours cut up and blended every one of those yellow peels. I filled all the cans and jars, covered them firmly, and then stepped back to survey the results of my labor.

Twenty-seven brown coffee cans stood like fat little sentinels on the yellow counter top. Shining bottles filled the sink, covered the stove top, the window sills, even half the kitchen table. I smiled as proudly as any industrious woman who looks at dozens of jars of home-canned produce, and went to bed. The next day rain poured from a gray sky split by jagged lightning. I went to work. When I returned home, an acrid smell hit me like a prize-fighter's blow.

Up the two steps of the back hall I could see our black-and-white cat walking like a clown on a tightrope to avoid big brown puddles on most of my yellow-and-white daisy-patterned floor. My poor Scotch terrier was retching under the table.

On the counter some plastic covers had fallen off the coffee cans. Others gaily rode on top of columns of a brown, seething, roiling mass of evil-smelling glop. It looked like a million grains of yesterday's coffee grounds—alive. Across the counter and down the front of the soft turquoise cabinets and drawers the brown mass moved and dropped with plotching, plopping sounds.

I came to life. Up with the windows. Down to the basement for old rags and two-gallon plastic pails. Up again, tossing my coat over a chair. Kneeling in that mess, I wiped up the floor, then standing on the reasonably clean floor, I wrung out every old T-shirt and bit

of sheeting I'd used. Swearing under my breath, I wiped the front of the drawers and cabinets, and then remembered: "Oh, it's almost time for Ben to come home!"

I rushed out of the house and ran through the rain to unlock the garage and reach for a shovel. Back up the walk, looking wildly about for a place to bury the stuff. Ah-ha, there was a spot by the bleeding heart bush. Four inches high and spindly, it had not done much the year before and gave little promise of doing better this year. I dug a huge hole. The gallon pail would fit nicely. Down the flower bed I went doggedly, making new holes—near the clematis, the delphiniums, even the rose bushes.

Then back into the kitchen and out again with a can in each hand. Back and forth until every last can and bottle was emptied, rinsed and piled in the stationary tubs downstairs. I sneezed.

Wearily I climbed the stairs to the kitchen and sat down at the butternut table. Everything ached. I went up and took a hot shower. Stepping out of the tub, I heard the side door open.

"Hi, up there," Ben called out. I sneezed. "Better take something," he said. "Did you just get home?"

Instead of answering, I responded with a "Welcome home, dear, I'll be right down," and went back into the bathroom and shut the door.

Leaning on the sink I thought, Oh boy! Am I glad he wasn't any

earlier! My husband was a tease, and not at all interested in organic gardening. I'd never hear the end of it if he learned what I had just been through.

Later that evening, in checking the remainder of the newspaper story, I read that blended banana peels must never be covered tightly—they ferment, it seems. "Now they tell me," I muttered.

In May, I proudly carried in long arching stems of bright pink and white bleeding hearts and tall glowing tulips to brighten my office. The healthy bleeding heart bush stood 3½ feet tall, while the purple clematis climbed clear up to a second floor window sill.

When our daughter and her family visited, I gleefully told her my secret, not realizing her husband could overhear us. Ten minutes before dinner, I frowned at this waggish young man as he reached for a banana from a bowl on the kitchen counter.

Grinning, he remarked, "I'm just helping your flower garden, Mom, and besides, I go positively ape over bananas." □



NOT TOO MANY years ago, the automotive buyer had one radio choice: a simple AM in-dash set with a small speaker.

But the startling advances in audio electronics for home sound systems also signaled a revolution in automotive audio equipment. From the relatively simple AM radio, Ford has expanded its offerings and today offers an impressive

choice of 10 models.

Heading the lineup for 1978 are three new systems: an AM/FM stereo radio with cassette tape player, a 40-channel remote-control Citizens Band transceiver and an AM radio with electronic digital display and clock feature designed for vehicles which have not previously offered a clock option.

Cassette fans will appreciate the

TUNE IN TO FORD

For the best
in automotive
sound systems

by Ray Newman



fine features of the tape player that teams with AM/FM stereo. Convenient controls include fast forward and fast reverse with latching for convenient cueing. A "tape saver" ejection system operates automatically at the end of the tape or when the radio or ignition is switched off. The tape also can be ejected manually at any time.

The new-generation Citizens

Band system which incorporates major convenience and anti-theft features, is available with any Ford entertainment radio. All CB controls are in an attractive hand-held microphone, which eliminates control fumbling and enables the driver to keep his or her eyes on the road. The microphone has built-in pre-amp for clearer transmission and can be disconnected quickly



from its instrument-panel socket for storage. As a protection against theft, the chassis is mounted in a remote location, usually in the trunk under the package tray. Both the CB and entertainment radio use a single tri-band (AM/FM/CB) antenna that does not "announce" the presence of a CB in the vehicle.

On the clock radio, a light-emitting-diode (LED) digital read-out gives the time or radio station frequency at the touch of a control button. The clock has quartz-crystal accuracy.

Rounding out Ford's exciting lineup are these sound systems:

- AM radio
- AM radio with stereo 8-track tape player
- AM/FM monaural radio
- AM/FM stereo radio
- AM/FM stereo/search radio
- AM/FM stereo radio with 8-track tape player
- AM/FM stereo radio with quad-rasonic 8-track tape player

Research involving 1977 new-car owners indicates that Ford product owners have the auto industry's highest level of satisfaction with both AM and FM performance.

Ford entertainment systems are backed by more than 50 years of experience. Since the days of *Amos and Andy*, the company has been a pioneer in the automotive sound business. Ford developed the first radio controls in the instrument panel, the first automatic volume controls and the first miniature auto

radio tubes. Ford also introduced the first automotive 8-track stereo tape playing system and followed it up with the first automotive quad-rasonic tape system.

Ford radio systems are engineered specifically for individual vehicle lines. Each Ford radio is an integral part of the car or truck—not an add-on item. Speaker locations, wiring, noise suppression and controls are engineered as carefully as components such as brakes, lights and ride control.

Components are designed for maximum fidelity within the confines of the automotive environment, a setting which poses special problems for radio performance. No home radio is subjected to the vibration, moisture, temperature extremes, voltage ranges or weather changes that a moving vehicle encounters.

To make sure its radios operate properly under these conditions, Ford takes sets off the assembly line at regular intervals and subjects them to a series of rigorous tests to assure they meet design specifications.

First, the radios are placed in a chamber that is kept at a constant 45 degrees below zero. After 15 minutes, when all components have reached chamber temperature, the power is switched on and off at an overload of 18 volts and the sets are shaken violently once a second at a force of 40 Gs for 15 minutes.

Next, the radios go into a cham-

ber where the temperature is 175 degrees and the humidity matches that of the steamy tropics. After 15 minutes of "soaking," the sets are subjected to the same electrical and vibration shocks experienced earlier. When the radios are taken from the heat chamber, they're dripping wet. After drying, the sets are checked carefully to make sure they still operate at a high performance level. Then back they go into

the cold chamber for a repeat of the tests. In all, the cycle is repeated six times.

In addition, a specially trained operator with a highly critical ear listens to every Ford radio coming off the assembly line. Any set that doesn't sound just right is rejected.

All Ford sound systems are backed by the company's coast-to-coast network of dealers. □

CAR AVAILABILITY	A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J
LTD	●			●	●	●	●		●	
Thunderbird	▲			●	●	●	●		●	●
LTD II	●			●	●	●	●		●	●
Granada	●		●	●	●	●	●	●	●	●
Fairmont	●		●	●	●		●	●		
Mustang II	●		●	●	●		●	●		
Pinto	▲	●	●	●	●					
Fiesta	●			★	★					

TRUCK AVAILABILITY

F-100 to 350	●	●		●	●					●
Bronco	●	●		●	●					●
Econoline/Club Wagon	●	●		●	●		●	●		●
Ranchero	●			●	●	●	●			
Courier	●			●						

KEY: **A**—AM Radio **B**—AM Radio w/Digital Clock **C**—AM w/Stereo 8-Track **D**—AM/FM Monaural **E**—AM/FM Stereo **F**—AM/FM Stereo w/Search Feature **G**—AM/FM Stereo w/8-Track **H**—AM/FM Stereo w/Cassette Tape **I**—AM/FM Stereo w/Quad 8-Track **J**—CB Transceiver

KEY: ▲—Standard Equipment ●—Optional ★—1978½ Availability



Favorite Recipes

FROM FAMOUS RESTAURANTS BY NANCY KENNEDY



painting by Don Ross

SQUARE RIGGER INN FAIRHOPE, ALABAMA

Nestled under a magnificent century-old oak tree, this charming country inn is famous for its Southern hospitality and excellent seafood and steaks. On scenic U.S. Highway 98, it is 10 miles south of Interstate 10 between Fairhope and Point Clear. Open for lunch and dinner every day except Sunday evening and Monday. Closed for two weeks beginning on Labor Day. Tonya and Joseph Martinez and Elsie and Wallace Milham are the owner-managers.

SEAFOOD GUMBO

2 tablespoons bacon fat
2½ tablespoons flour
1 cup chopped onions
1 cup chopped green pepper

STEAK HOUSE HAWARDEN, IOWA

Dorothy and Jim Skogman are the hosts at this 50-year-old restaurant which specializes in fine aged steaks and chops. Dinner is served every day except Sunday and Monday. Also closed first two weeks in January and the week of Labor Day. Reservations necessary for large groups only. The address is 711 Center Avenue.

VEGETABLE MACARONI SALAD

1 pound macaroni
1 large green pepper, chopped
1 chopped onion
4 shredded carrots
1 can Eagle Brand Condensed Milk
1 cup vinegar
1 cup sugar
2 cups mayonnaise
1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper

painting by Fred Browning

2 10-ounce packages frozen cut okra
1 No. 2 can tomatoes
1 teaspoon salt
Pepper, to taste
½ cup Worcestershire sauce
1 pound raw crabmeat
½ pound raw cleaned shrimp
3 cups hot cooked rice

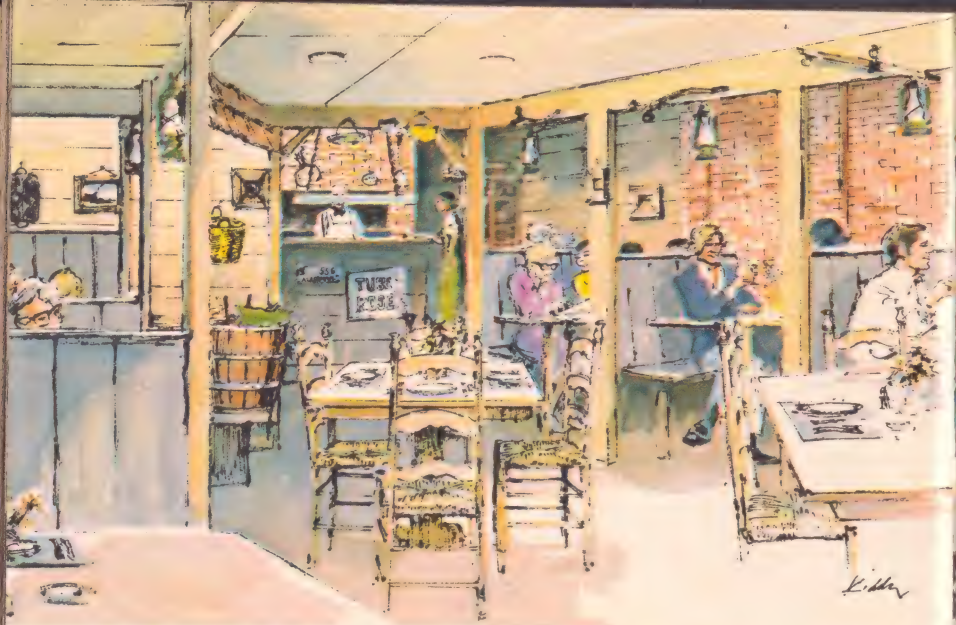
Make a roux by blending bacon fat and flour. Stir and cook constantly until it is dark brown. *Be careful not to scorch.* Add onions and peppers and saute until vegetables are soft. Stir in cut okra, tomatoes, seasonings and cook for a few minutes. Add this mixture to 2 quarts of boiling water, stirring in gradually. Add crabmeat and shrimp and let boil for about 1 hour. Serve over hot rice. Makes 6 portions.

Cook macaroni, drain and cool. Add vegetables and mix well. Combine milk, vinegar, sugar, mayonnaise, salt and pepper. Add these ingredients to macaroni mixture. Mix thoroughly and chill at least 4 hours before serving. Makes 10 portions.

MEAT ROLLS

2 pounds lean ground beef
1 cup water
1 teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon onion salt
½ teaspoon garlic salt
4 tablespoons Morton Tender-Quick Salt
½ teaspoon mustard seed

Mix all ingredients together and refrigerate overnight. Form into two one-inch rolls. Wrap in foil and bake 1 hour in 350° oven. Slice and serve cold with assorted crackers. Makes 10 to 12 servings.



painting by Harvey Kidder

THE COTTON PATCH NEW YORK, NEW YORK

About a year ago, a group of transplanted Southern bankers, hungry for down-home vittles, opened what may be the only Southern cuisine emporium in Manhattan. Reservations recommended. At 1068 Second Avenue, between 56th and 57th streets. Closed Monday.

NANCY'S FUDGE PECAN PIE

Melt 3 squares unsweetened chocolate and $\frac{1}{3}$ cup butter or margarine

HAWTHORNE INN CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS

Across the road from Nathaniel Hawthorne's house, this small family inn has six guest rooms and serves breakfast only. At 462 Lexington Road (State Route 2A) in historic Concord, 19 miles from Boston. Reservations necessary.

WILD BLACKBERRY TURNOVERS

Dough

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup honey or $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter

2 eggs

1 teaspoon vanilla

$2\frac{1}{2}$ cups Cornell Mix*

2 teaspoons baking powder

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt

*CORNELL MIX

1 tablespoon soy flour

1 tablespoon dry milk

1 tablespoon bran

1 tablespoon rye flour

1 teaspoon wheat germ

Plus enough unbleached white flour
for mix to equal 1 cup

Cream honey or sugar and butter; beat eggs well into mixture until light. Add vanilla. Sift or mix well

in a double boiler, or in a saucepan over low heat. Remove from heat when melted. Lightly beat together 4 whole eggs, add 2 cups of sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt and 1 teaspoon vanilla. Stir in 1 cup chopped pecans and the chocolate butter mixture. Pour into a 9-inch unbaked pie shell. Top with 1 cup pecan halves. Bake 35-45 minutes at 350° . Pie is done when crust is slightly brown and center somewhat firm when pan is gently moved. (It's better to undercook than overcook.)

Cornell Mix, baking powder and salt; add to butter mixture. Blend until smooth; chill. Preheat oven to 400° . While dough is chilling, make filling.

FILLING

1 quart fresh blackberries

2 tablespoons melted butter

1 teaspoon cinnamon

Sweeten with sugar to taste
(brown sugar may be used)

1 tablespoon flour, for thickening

Less than $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon nutmeg or
lemon juice, optional

Combine ingredients and mix well. When dough is stiff enough to be handled, turn out portion onto floured board. Roll out to $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch thick and cut into $1\frac{1}{2}$ -dozen 4-inch circles. Place heaping tablespoon of blackberry mixture on front half of circle of dough; fold back half over to form top. Pinch edge firmly; prick top with fork. Dust lightly with sugar and cinnamon. Place on lightly greased cookie sheet and bake until golden, about 15 minutes.

CRUISING VAN OF THE MONTH

FEBRUARY's winning entry in the contest for converted Ford Cruising Vans belongs to William J. Maass of Melvindale, Michigan.

If you've added a personal touch to your Cruising Van and feel it's worth showing off, send us color photos or slides of your vehicle. We will award a top-of-the-line, 40-channel Kraco Citizens Band radio to each winner.

Pictures should show exteriors and interiors and will be judged on

their suitability for FORD TIMES as well as the imagination, originality and ingenuity of the conversion. FORD TIMES is particularly interested in seeing how owners have customized the interiors of their Cruising Vans.

Please do not include people in the pictures. Persons submitting pictures must own the photographed vehicle wholly or in part. All photographs used become the property of Ford Motor Company. Entries will not be returned unless accompanied by postage. Send entries to Ford Cruising Van Conversions, Ford Motor Company, Room 332, 3000 Schaefer Road, Dearborn, Michigan 48121. ☐

Many of the items shown on winning vans are available through retail organizations and establishments not connected with Ford Motor Company. The availability, price, quality and durability of these items rest solely with their manufacturers and sales organizations.

Electronic TV games provide on-the-road entertainment



1978 FORD LTD II



The trimmer, sportier mid-size LTD at a trimmer price.

The quality and luxury LTD is famous for is the whole idea behind LTD II. You get room for six, and a long list of standard features not found in most mid-size cars. Automatic transmission, power steering, power front disc brakes, V-8 engine, steel-belted radials.

Test-drive LTD II at your local Ford Dealer. It's the LTD of mid-size cars.



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a better idea,
Ford puts it on wheels.



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